

WINGS OF DARKNESS

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Ortlinde mourned.

She couldn't understand why this had happened. What had led to their elder sister Brynhild turning her spear against their cause? Why had she joined those humans and Servants from Panhuman history in repelling the efforts of the Walkure? In the fallout she had lost her sisters Hildir and Thrud, and now the last remaining Valkyrie was left all alone.

It was hauntingly lonely. The Valkyries functioned as a hive mind in a very loose sense of the word. She always shared her experiences with her sister, and in turn they shared their experiences with Ortlinde. But when they'd died all she had felt was their pain, and now there was no one left to send those thoughts, feelings, and experiences to. She had been left all alone, angry and confused.

“Would you like the power to avenge them?” A voice spoke to the fallen Valkyrie from the darkness. Ortlinde had opted to hide herself in Skadi's castle in the wake of the battle so she could recuperate, but that wasn't the goddess' voice. It was a voice that sent a chill down the young maiden's spine.

The source's golden eyes gleamed from the darkness, and as it stepped from the shadows her pink hair came into sight. Koyanskaya, an outsider who seemed to share goals with Skadi and Ophelia - though she did not fully understand that relationship. Something about this woman made Ortlinde uncomfortable. She wouldn't typically entertain the sweet words of a being so clearly disinterested in the fates of those around her, and yet...

She was desperate.

What good was continuing to live alone? She did not have the power to avert the efforts of Chaldea by herself, and if she stood by idly then the Lostbelt would be erased alongside her. Taking an offer from what she assumed to be the devil incarnate was the only option she had short of an inevitable death. And so she answered: **“Yes.”**

Koyanskaya giggled, and yet even that was to be expected. Whatever this power was, Ortlinde expected it to be no good. But she was sad and angry enough to take it nonetheless, so she didn't so much as blink as the well endowed woman provided a dark crimson diamond that floated slowly from her palm towards the Valkyrie's neck.

As it drew close, a sinister power began to pulsate from the gem. It blinked once, twice, and kept going, each time the dark energy flowing from it growing more intense. Once it was only several inches from her neck, the next burst of energy completely disintegrated the cloth she was wearing, leaving Ortlinde completely naked short of her wings.

The one who'd provided this 'gift' stepped back into the shadows after offering some parting words just as the diamond bound itself to the flesh of Ortlinde's throat. **“Hold onto that anger, for it's the only thing that will *truly* save you now.”**

“G-Guh! Urk...!” Not that the naked Valkyrie had been in much of a position to process the weight of those words. The cursed stone had snapped to her neck, and once it had done so the dark energy that it was producing now had direct access to her entire body. It was pumped into her flesh vessel at a rapid speed, violating the once pure and innocent maiden with its corrupt nature as chunks of pitch black armor began to cling to her body after being created by a dark purple energy.

It began with an armored headdress that slid around the front of her head. Reminiscent of traditional Valkyrie garb, black feathers came out the ends of either side while crimson gems that matched the one still embedding in her neck appeared both on either side and in the front diamond of the front that fell down to the bridge of her nose.

Gauntlets and shoulder guards docked with her body next, clamping around her creamy flesh while still leaving much of her arms exposed, gloves and all. Then, there were the black iron boots that rose to her knees, steel leaving her thighs bare short of an overhang that fell from the steel that would keep her hips safe while a crimson cloth banned hung between her legs to conceal that she was without underwear.

Finally, around the gem that had now completely fused to her neckline, additional black plating was forged and connected, covering her neck with a collar while wrapping the outskirts of her breasts with metal; still leaving them largely exposed. It actually seemed this cut was too large for her breasts, for they were too small to sit comfortably in the container that had been erected for them. While breasts and tummy were left largely bare, they did find some covering in a thin, translucent leotard that erected itself across her torso, lace trim more than apparent on her torso in a way that made it look like lingerie.

Yet even though it was a leotard, the slit around her pussy was still completely bare.

Now clad in an armor of darkness, Ortlinde struggled to stand for it was much heavier than her typical combat attire. She fumbled to stand, body still suffering the wrath of a burning pain as the corrupt energy from the crimson gem continued to feed itself into her vessel. It became evident enough around the gemstone itself, but since her flesh was hidden by the new iron collar there it wasn't clear enough until the corruption had seeped into the flesh of her face, arms, and breasts: *her skin was indeed growing discolored*. Not your typical pale nor tan, but an inhuman violet that complimented the dark colors of the armor she now wore.

“Grah! What... is this!? I feel so... so...” Her eyes were clenched shut, agony overcoming most and yet something else was bubbling up to overpower the agony. It wasn't her anger nor her fear, it was a burning feeling not completely unlike the burning pain. But this burning was good, it stirred her loins. It was raw, adulterated *lust*. **“So good...”** This lust was accompanied by a yearning to dominate. The meek little Ortlinde, for the first time in her life, was getting a taste of what it was like to feel as if she were *on top*.

Which triggered the strength necessary to make that a reality. The muscles across her body had tensed up in tandem with this new impulse to step upon her foe and ravage them not with her weapon but with her body, and as the tense feeling loosened it allowed her muscles to earn a newly provided definition.

It weren't as if the girl was becoming grotesquely muscular or anything of the sort, but pale purple arms certainly bulged, and her bare tummy did ripple thanks to her new abdominal strength. It was an appeal not like that of the Lancer that had visited from another Lostbelt. *Caenis*, her name had been?

Once the purple tone had consumed the pinkish glow of Ortlinde's entire body, new discoloration had begun to seep into her hair. Black locks found themselves snow white, length cascading gently down her

back while the same change in color was applied to her obscured pubic hairs. Eyes, too, shone a different shade, aglow with a corrupt purple that did not see her facial structure change all too much, but instead gave her a much more adult appeal than she'd previously possessed.

“What is this power!?” A small part of the woman's subconscious was fighting the influence, for it recognized that this power was foreign. It was not something that could be found on Earth, but was perhaps obtained from a foreign realm: that was the impression she got, and it kept her slightly wary. But the arousal she felt as she brought gloved fingers to rub her small tits, the sadistic streak that had applied itself to her desire for revenge? It was all much louder in her mind than any caution that tried to prevail. To begin with: *it was too late for regrets now.*

The once cute-looking Valkyrie was now engaged in self pleasure, fingers going to town on her own breasts beneath the armor framing as she yearned for more to tease. She pressed her back up against the icy, stone wall of the room she had been hiding with, her once pure wings of light darkened and lined with pitch black feathers that spoke of her encroaching nature. **“Mm... That's right. Grow!”** Even though she had the leotard between her gloved fingers and her breasts, it was clear the undergarment was a little loose around her tits. But as she wished for more meat to claw upon, the corruption answered her call.

Ortlinde tweaked her nipples, and doing so saw a ripple flow within the fatty tissue of either tit. Both sides began to inflate gradually, and her palms were becoming hard-pressed to properly contain them as they *boinged* up from B-cups to Ds in a matter of moments. She had to remove her fingers with a sultry **“Aww~!”** else they'd get crushed between the steel framing they now neatly fit into.

The icy air of the room was tickling her pussy beneath the cloth she had draped over it, but the reach of the draft came to wane as, not to be undone, her lower half grew into much more sexually appealing shapes as well. Her ass inflated, pushing back the cloth behind as the curvature of her back was dramatically altered to flow into full, sexy cheeks. It was lucky her hair had grown so long that it now pooled a little upon the ground below her, because the crimson draping was essentially chewed up by those supple cheeks of hers. Exposed thighs benefited similarly, a plump glow applied to them that allowed the taut violet legs to glisten in the dim light of the room. Between her muscles and her curves, there was no way Ortlinde wouldn't turn heads dressed as she was.

“Hoooh~ That bitch wasn't lying. I feel stronger than I ever have.” There was something about her new voice that was instantly alluring. It was like the song of a corrupted songbird, delivering the

sensation that this monster of a woman would readily mount you if you so wished... *and even if you didn't*. She ran fingers across her ears, noting how long and pointed they'd become. She was still a Valkyrie, but she knew she was no longer of this world. Her identity was that of a Dark Valkyrie, a corrupt and depraved wench that held no respect for the gods above. This was true of Ortlinde too. She'd trusted Skadi, only to lose her sisters!?! That cunt would have it coming as well!

She spread her pitch black wings and summoned her spear and shield. The weapon, stained dark purple, dripped with a poison meant to stimulate the desire to mate in any it cleaved. Ortlinde's plans had changed. First she would make a wife out of Skadi, defeating her, laying with her, and fucking her until all of the divinity had fallen out of her pretty little body to make room for fresh corruption... and then she would come for Chaldea.

The second Lostbelt ended up a failure, for it became a new haven for monster girls in the wake of Ortlinde's efforts.